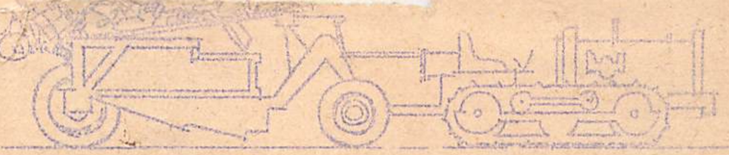
The CARRYALL



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Christmas Greetings and the very best of wishes for the New Year

For God
And Country

"May the
God we trust
as a nation—
Throw the
light of his
peace and grace
On a flag with its stripes
untarnished, And with
every star in place."

[illegible]

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LT. O'BRIEN EXPRESSES HIS GRATITUDE

Since April 20th when we first landed here the men of the 76th Detachment have shown what they are really made of. As time went on and job after job was completed with utmost effidency, with no griping and excellent morale, I had to accept the fact that here was a group of men that could do anything that needed being done and that I could back this Detachment against any other similar group in all the Seabee battalions. Naturally, I and all the other officers and chiefs are proud of you. Who wouldn't be? You had many and various projects to do and you did them excellently.

This is not soft soap to salve your feelings or intended to give you swelled heads, it's merely a statement of fact. The commendations received from Colonel Briebel of the Marines and from Captain Hunter, the former Commanding Officer of this station, for the excellent work accomplished here belong to you men whose efforts made the commendations possible.

Now that we have a new Skipper at the other end who is trying to reorganize and get us all back together as a complete battalion, let's all give him our loyalty and the best that's in us, to show him that this Detachment can hold its own no matter what the odds may be. I am sure in my own mind that any grievances you men might have in the matter of ratings, etc. will be settled satisfactorily as soon as the reorganization has been completed.

For my own part I am glad to have neen here with you men, to have had the privilege of working with you and knowing you. Let me wish you all a Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

R. B. O'BRIEN
LT. (CEC) USNR

From the Editor

Tis is the last issue of THE CARRYALL to be edited by myself. There may be other issues or there may not be. It will be up to Sarge Zalenski and Kid Einhaus. Their duties may prohibit the continuance of this sheet. It has been a pleasure to us to serve as editor of this sheet for these several months and we hope that our efforts have not been in vain. I want to thank each of you for the many contributions to our paper for without your help we would have failed miserably.

Lt. O'Brien, the other officers and chiefs have been very considerate of our welfare here and naturally we appreciate that.

This is the thirty fourth consecutive issue of THE CARRYALL and we are proud of that uninterrupted string. Many times the going has been tough but we have always managed to come through. A lot of credit must go to the other members of the staff and we thank them for their [illegible] A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all of you.

AT CHRISTMAS

[illegible] the shepherds, following [illegible], came and found the Infant Jesus, they were greatly amazed. They bowed down and worshipped Him; for there was a light above the manger---the Light of God's Love.

There is romance in the story of the shepherd's quest, there is an appealing mystery in the story of the Bethlehem babe who entered the world in a lowly stable, transforming it into a shrine before which Wise Men knelt in homage. Their gold, frankincense, myrrh a re nothing compared with the precious gift of the love of God manifest in that tiny bundle of life in a lowly manger.

And since that first Christmas morn, the birth of every baby has been hallowed by a golden memory, a blessed hope. Every mother who clasps her new-born infant to her breast is a potential Mary bathed in the purifying light of a constant love.

Yet, as the Christmas season arrives, let us not spend too much time at the cradle of Jesus. Thank God that He had a normal life, that he grew until he became a strong man, accepting all the responsibilities of the Son of Man, even to the voluntary sacrifice of himself. Yes, he became a man; yet his love for children, his eager imagination remained with him. And when the hours were lonely and dark, his sense of partnership with God kept his love constant: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

Fellow Christians, let us, too, commend our spirit to God during this Advent season and throughout our lives. Then we shall have, if [illegible] Merry Christmas, at least, a [illegible] one.........

Cecil C. Urch, Chaplain
A. T. F., APO 458

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

God bless my boys, they are
somewhere,
In some distant land o'er
the sea.
[illegible] them safe from all
[illegible]
[illegible] bring them safely back
to me.

[illegible] I know that [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
way.

As they go marching [illegible]
Through all the [illegible]
year,
Help them to [illegible]
future.
When war will be [illegible]

We will keep the home fires
burning
Though hearts are [illegible]
and sad,
We will look forward [illegible]
victory
When all our hearts [illegible]
be glad.

I know that Jesus [illegible]
them,
And bring them safely
to me.
I know that he will
lead them
In that far distant [illegible]
the sea.

(Written by a mother [illegible] two sons in the Service, [illegible] the Air Forces and the [illegible] in the Seabees here [illegible]

SPORTS HIGHLIGHTS

A post season softball [illegible] was unfolded before the [illegible] votees of the tired ba[illegible] pastime a few days ago [illegible] of a battle between the [illegible] and OFFICERS -CHIEFS. [illegible] no score was recorded [illegible] or is still in doubt. [illegible] follow:

OFFICERS-CHIEFS	[illegible]
Wallace - c	[illegible]
Wellington - p	Jones
Benbow - 1b	[illegible]
O'Brien - 2b	[illegible]
Szmanski - ss	[illegible]
Hofmann sf	[illegible]
Pierce - rf	[illegible]
Lloyd - cf	[illegible]
McIntyre - lf	[illegible]

UMPIRES - [illegible]

DUTY TO OUR LOVED ONES

"To be true to our families, it demands of us to give to those dependent upon us, that which they are rightfully entitled to, and above then, in which the average may find contentment.

Draw your chairs a bit closer and let's all go over this phrase, "Duty to our loved ones", in order that we may get a clearer conception of what it really stands for, and how we may do what we should.

To begin with, let's go back across the years when we were kids, always being mindful of the fact that kids are the same the world over, east, west, north or south. In going back over the years, I'm sure you can remember, as I do, the way Mother and Dad, especially Mother, planned for us and guided our every step hour after hour, day after day, week after week, month after month, in order that her baby boy would some day be all that she had hoped and prayed he would be.

Not necessarily a president or a king, for Motherhood, throughout the ages, never did and never will, hope so selfishly. But she did hope and pray that whether we be president, king, mechanic, banker, preacher, salesman, business man or laborer, that we'd always strive to live up to that which she had hoped we'd be, namely A MAN ----- an honest, upright, hardworking, home loving, sincere, true MAN.

As we reached the age of Manhood, Mother knew that the inevitable would happen, she knew that in due time, she would lose us. She knew that sweetheart days would ultimately lead to more serious romantic days. Not for a moment would she permit her desire to hold us close to her, to stand between our future happiness. And so, she graciously stepped aside to permit that which would ultimately take us from her. MARRIAGE.

Behind silent tears, she wished us Godspeed when , before leaving, we packed together our personal belongings and went to our new abode, there to join our sweetheart of yesterday, today, and many tomorrows. And all the while, this same Mother, yours and mine, living or dead, continues to hope and pray that we will always be the MAN she wanted us to be.

When we promised our sweetheart of yesterday, today, and the many tomorrows ahead, that we would, "Love, honor and cherish her until Death do us part," we contracted to work, to earn, to strive, and to save, and carry out the many noble characteristics of manhood which Mother attempted to impress upon us in our youth.

Your wife, and mine, and our little ones, if we are so fortunate, and every wife, mother, and babe is entitled to expect of us, as men, the security and the thought s of us being true to them. Surely they have the right to expect this when we consider the many sacrifices which they are called upon to make for us, sacrifices, which at times, bring them to the very threshold of death's doorway, in order that their responsibility and their duty to God and man be carried out as God wills it. We should not forget this, not for one moment, and we must do our part to keep alive and to preserve and to help guide the ship called "Happy Marriage."

To accomplish this, we must learn ways and means to improve our Duty To Our Loved Ones. We must study, we must read and we must be constantly on the alert lest we be pulled aside for a few moments to questionable pleasure that might have a tragic result. Let's not forget, Duty To Our Loved Ones, Duty To Our Country and Duty To Our Organization, the organization in which we serve, now.

Let this be both your Creed and my Creed from this day henceforth.

(Submitted by Chief aynes)

FROM YOUR MEDICAL OFFICER

In a few short days, most of us are returning to civilization if we may call Oahu that in these war days. Once again we shall see and associate with the female species of the human race. All of us are human. We have desires that have not been satisfied for many months, but please let me give you fellows some good advice.

Venereal diseases have run wild and rampant on Oahu. Syphillis and Gonorrhea are the most prevalent. Don't be foolish, fellows. A few minutes of gratification in the arms of some prostitute, who cares nothing about you except your money, is not worth the grief, sorrow, and misery that you may bring upon yourselves and your family for the rest of your life. It's not worth it.

A man is a damn fool to have intercourse with a prostitute. She surely can't give you any love or sexual satisfaction. All she can give you is a disease that will cause you pain, suffering, anguish and even death. It's not a sign of intelligence to frequent such places. You younger fellows should not be led astray by the older more experienced men. Speak up. Don't be afraid. Tell everyone who wishes to drag you into such abodes of filth and disease, to go to hell as you know better and wish to keep your health.

Despite what I may say, some of the men will seek out those women. I feel sorry for them, but I urge them to go to an authorized center for a prophylaxis within an hour after exposure. Any M.P. will direct them to a prophylaxis center.

As I have said before, the best prevention is abstenance. You will never get these diseases unless you have sexual contact with an infected partner. Again I repeat. Stay away from prostitutes and other suspicious females. You men have waited eight months now, and you are still alive. Be patient. Control your passions and desires for another [illegible] twelve months and we can return to our wives who really love us for ourselves.

Any man who does have Gonorrhea will be placed in a hospital till he is well. During that time he will be placed on a misconduct status. He will draw no pay during this period and this charge will be placed in his record.

A word to the wise should be sufficient.

F. J. SZYLANSKI
LT. (j.g.) MC - USNR

HEADQUARTERS

Zalenski - (chief of the Gestapo, under the new order) has finally decided to strike for CM3c. (He is a Y2c now.)

What is it that Woods and Fuller are supposed to have that some of the boys would like to get hold of before that first liberty?

Two Seabees bet ten bucks on their team the day they were defeated by the Marines, 1 - 0. It was the first time that either of them had ever risked a cent of their hard earned sheckels on a ball game and it was also the first time the homelings had lost. (The betters swore off after that one, didn't we Parker?)

Cothron seems to be a PAST master at some of the finer points of civilian home life. (There will be some fun when he and Montgomery get together again and start swapping those yarns.)

Lindblad, who sleeps on bunk number 4 in hut number 35, says, quote, "The boys at the mess hall are taking up a collection for [illegible] for [illegible] those two home runs in a game last week." [illegible], without [illegible]

[illegible] "WHAT TWO HOME [illegible]"

[illegible] D. Lott, in a recent letter to [illegible], says he is having a swell time [illegible]. He has met a few sweet young things of a rather dark hue but he says that they still look pretty to him. (Most of the fellows who have left here soon became color blind.) Lott says to bring plenty of shells; there is a good market for them.

Crawford, the warehouse kingfish, says that Lindblad's nickname is a terrible mistatement of fact (the nickname is Workhorse). Lindy is inclined to agree with him.

Something is going to happen. [illegible] has started to work on cat-eyes.

Our thanks to Lt. (jg) Goulding and your able staff of voluntary instructors. Your efforts in our behalf will never be forgotten.

Well, fellows, so long for now. It has been fun writing for you. The best of luck to everyone.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

"I have yet to find the man, however exalted his station, who did not do better work and put forth greater effort under a spirit of approval than under a spirit of criticism."

(Selected)

LUCIDS

PROSPECTIVE EMPLOYER: "Have you had any experience in defense work?"
SWEET YOUNG THING: "Oh, yes. I used to date a Seabee."

TODAY'S SHORT STORY: "She had a figure like an hour glass and made every minute count."

CHAPLAIN: "I will allow you five minutes of grace before the electrocution."
CONDEMNED: "Fine, bring her in."

"She was only a printer's daughter, but the boys sure liked her type........"

GIRL AFTER HORSEBACK RIDE: "I never knew that anything so full of hay could be so hard."

[illegible]

A LETTER FROM THE FRONT

There is so much to say, so much of
  death and dying,
So much of anguish in the dark and
  stricken mind -
Another city fallen, a shattered
  fort retaken -
I cannot write, for burning eyes
  grown blind.

But tell me, tell me quickly, swift
  as lightning,
If summer's on the Georgia fields
  again,
Crape myrtle thick with pink and
  sudden crimson,
Their hot and crinkly blossoms
  steaming in the rain?

Tell me, tell me, if the bleeding
  hearts of melons
Lie secret-like beneath the ribbons
  of the corn,
If still, oh, still, the crickets
  wake the starlight,
The Chattahoochee reddens in the
  land where I was born?

Still does the quiet dusk-fall purple up the doorway,
The cotton stretch its acres warm
  and white?
Is there yet one - oh, eyes, oh,
  lips remembered!
Who turns and reaches for me in the
  restless night?

I wait your letters as the dark the
  sunrise;
There is so little I can say.
My words have blood, the smell of
  death upon them;
Yours moonlight from a world long
  centuries away.

(Satevpost)

IS THAT SO?

During a heavy bombardment of an English city is EAGLE SQUADRON an ARP man who ran up to the opening of a public shelter, peered in and called, "Are there any expectant mothers there?"

After a very brief pause, a feminine voice replied, "Hard to say, WE've only been down here a few minutes."

"Was she pleased when you gave her that lovely lingerie?"

"Yes, but she cried a little, she said it was her first slip."

WAITER: "How would you like your rice?"
[illegible]